

FUSILLADE AT DELMONICO'S

A CRANK'S WILD SHOTS.

HE CREATES A PANIC AT THE FIFTH-AVE.
RESTAURANT.

DELIBERATELY DRAWING HIS REVOLVER, HE
FIRES THROUGH THE WINDOWS—MEN AND
WOMEN RUSH WILDLY TO ESCAPE THE

WOMAN REACH WILDEST TO ESCAPE—THE
CRAZY MAN USES HIS LAST BULLETS
IN THE VESTIBULE—NO ONE
HURT—HE SAYS HE WANTED
TO SCARE THE
"NABOBS."

A man who was believed to be a crank created consternation at Delmonico's yesterday afternoon by shooting through the windows on the Fifth-ave. side of the restaurant, and also in the vestibule. He was overpowered and ar-

He was a scoundrel, who had been brought to the restaurant for a week, and had been drinking freely. He said he wanted only to scare the "rich folks" in the restaurant. If that was his design, he was certainly successful. His firing caused a panic among the well-dressed resort. Well-dressed men and women sprang from the tables and fled to the sidewalks in Broadway and Fifth-ave. while the waiters crawled under tables in fear and trembling.

It was a few minutes before 5 p. m. when a short, chunky man, who appeared to be a clean-shaven, middle-aged fellow, stepped on the Fifth-ave sidewalk in front of Belmont's and he looked into the restaurant. He seemed to be cold and hungry as he looked through the plate-viases which at the tables were being served to men and women. It was too early for the restaurant to be crowded, but there were fifty or

more people at the tables. Suddenly the man drew from his pocket a five-chambered revolver of large calibre, pointed it at the fourth window north of the entrance in the avenue, and fired. The bullet made a hole through the plate glass, and passed over the heads of four persons seated at a table near the window. Then the man ran swiftly to the entrance of the restaurant, and, pausing there for a moment, he fired two more shots quickly. The bullets made holes in the window immediately north of the entrance, and in the restaurant at angles which let them pass safely over the heads of the patrons and waiters.

THE FUSILLADE ENDED.

Before the echoes of the shots had died away the man with the revolver had darted through the door into the vestibule. There he emptied his weapon by firing two more shots, the bullets flying against the ceiling.

The firing had already caused tumult in the

restaurant. Women screamed, and rushed toward the exits, minding nothing in their haste. Men ran out hatless. Waiters scurried about bewildered, trying to hide themselves. Some of them crawled under the tables. The man who had caused the commotion stood in the vestibule and laughed, holding the smoking revolver in his hand.

Felix J. Jewell, a fireman of Engine Company No 16, ran into the vestibule of the restaurant. He seized the man after the fifth

shot was fired, and threw him down on the floor. George T. Hancock, Of. 100 West Eighty-sixth-st., helped the fireman to overpower and disarm the crank. They were joined a minute later by Park Police-man Joseph Dillon, who arrested the man, thinking that he had shot somebody. Then he began to ask questions, and could find nobody who was willing to make a complaint against the prisoner. He decided to take the man to the police station in West Thirtieth-st., and he was accompanied there by Fireman Jewell. On the way to the station the prisoner said:

THIS SHOOTER AIMS HIS IDEAS.

"I didn't hurt anybody. I only wanted to

At the police station the prisoner said he was George A. Roeth, a stonecutter, twenty-seven years old, unmarried, and lived at No. 536 West Forty-sixth-st. In his pocket was found a piece of paper on which he had written:

Friday, November 10, 1900.
Mr. G. V. Batton, engineer of the Fifty-seventh-st. dock: I hereby tender my resignation as a stone-cutter on this Department of Docks, the same to take effect immediately.
G. A. ROETH.

"Why were you shooting at Delmonico's?" Sergeant Lane inquired, after hearing the charge against the prisoner.
"I didn't know the way the rich people were treating the working class," Roeth replied, "and I wanted to frighten them into changing their ideas. What was I got the revolver and bullets for? I wanted to give the poor people. I told them not to hurt any of the rich."
Roeth did not appear to be under the influence of liquor. When he was locked up upon the charge of disorderly conduct he sang songs in his cell and seemed to be happy. Park Police Commissioner Joseph L. Jewett has no complaints against the prisoner, the people at Delmonico's refusing to make any charge.

Roeth lives on the top floor of the tenement-house No. 12, West Sixth-st., with his widowed mother and his brothers, Alfred and Albert. They were surprised to hear of his arrest last evening. He had not been an associate of Angus, they said, and he had said nothing to indicate that he was in any feeling toward rich people. He had given up his work as a stonecutter a week ago, and had been drinking hard, but he was not believed to be crazy. Alfred Roeth, who is a designer, said he had told his brother first a furnished room he was going to drink, as the former would not be annoyed by him when he was drunk. The revolver was one which had been in the house a long time, and never had been used until yesterday afternoon.

"PRINCESS ANNE" OF HOBOKEN.
THE WOMAN WITH A HAUGHTY AIR AND A
LITTLE DOG MAKES ANOTHER CALL
AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Washington, Nov. 16.—The little woman with

cold, haughty air and an old-fashioned turban, who came to the White House yesterday accompanied by a little dog, is not Queen Victoria. She came again to-day and explained that she was Princess Anne, a niece of the Queen. The nature of her business she refused to disclose to any one of the ushers or policemen, saying it was confidential.

Personal native, which could have been done by the President only, and it did not concern the royal aunt. She admitted, however, that her present residence was Washington. "That the Princess reads the newspapers was shown by the fact that the President had returned from Washington, and the newspapers had given her a contrary idea met with no success. The Princess said, 'I will call again,' said Princess Anne, 'may be that I were here he would receive me immediately—that will be sufficient.'—Simply mention my name."

chased a revolver and was about to start for the